

# Exhibit B

Shifra Dirnfled

[REDACTED]

August 16, 2020

Honorable Judge Kenneth Karas  
U.S District Court

Re: Aron Melber

Dear Judge Karas,

My name is Shifra Dirnfled and I am the aunt of Aron (Ari as we all call him) Melber.

I have known Aron since I came to America from Israel about 40 years ago. Ari was the second born child to my sister in law but he always acted like he was the oldest brother to his siblings. Ari was a brilliant child his bright future was ahead of him. I always thought he will be either a Rabbi of a big community or a successful businessman. As I said he was brilliant. But Ari had something else in mind he wasn't looking for honor he wasn't looking for wealth, he was looking for the future of our generation.

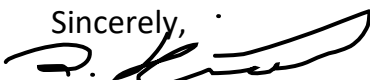
Aron Melber immersed himself in a Yeshiva for the little ones. He wanted kids to get the same best education and school environment as he wanted for his own children. And for this he worked hard. He did everything, nothing was below his dignity. From hiring the best educators to carrying benches or wiping a kid's nose. He put his whole heart and soul in this Yeshiva. This is Aron Melber.

And now when we all are facing this terrible virus that has changed so many lives Aron shows his leadership. His mother got sick and was in dire condition. Aron didn't let his family fall apart. Aron was the one who was speaking to the doctors. Aron he is the one who was worrying about his father who got sick too. Aron he is the one who was standing day a night in front of the hospital when no one was allowed to go in to hear any piece of information. His mother is still on a respirator with a long way to go. Aron is the one who arrange all transportations and shifts to be with his mother who needs it so much for her recovery.

We all need him. His family needs him the children need him.

Please have us all in mind when making your decision.

Sincerely, .



Shifra Dirnfled



*The Real Estate  
Insurance Experts.*

July 29, 2020

Insurance For **Real**™

Re: **Aron Melber**

To: ***Honorable Kenneth M. Karas  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
300 Quarropoas St., Courtroom 521  
White Plains, New York 10601***

Dear Judge Karas, I'm writing to you on behalf of my dear uncle Aron Melber. From a very young age I always looked up to my uncle, and as I grew older that respect and love only keeps on growing.

My uncle Aron has devoted his life to serving the community. He is single handedly running a school for community kids, and is personally involved in ensuring each boy's success. Aron himself works tirelessly to make sure all of the expenses involved in running the school are covered. More than once Aron came up to my office to raise funds for his school. The passion and hearth that Aron puts into this school is something that really inspired me to do more for the community.

On a personal note, one other thing that struck a chord for me was watching Aron care for our late grandfather the past few years. Our late grandfather was a community Rabbi for many years, he suffered from many health conditions, including 2 strokes. Aron cared for him with such love and devotion the past years.

In conclusion, Aron is a person of great character. He has had such an amazing impact on me and the community as a whole. I believe that it's fair to say that Rockland County today has many fewer teens at risk thanks Aron.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "Izzy Green".

Izzy Green  
CEO

Honorable Judge:

We hereby plea for mercy to your honorable judge regarding our most devoted and respected family member, Mr. Aron Melber - husband of my sister Rivka Melber and father of their well raised children, my precious nieces and nephews .

Ever since Aron came into our family he was admired by all due to his extreme kindness, devotion and dedication to all family matters that needed time, addressing each with special understanding. In year 2000 when our late father and renowned Talmudic scholar suffered a stroke becoming physically disabled, Aron Melber orchestrated himself, wife and teenaged children around the clock 24/7 to avail themselves to assist with all possible means towards our parents. This went so far that he moved from his apartment and came to live across the street of our parents, so they may be closer and more available to be of help as needed.

Working nearby to where Aron's school is, I was always amazed to see the true love and dedication Aron displays towards his students of all ages.

Knowing Aron, he truly regrets and totally understands his wrongdoings even with best intentions he now clearly knows and understands that he cannot be acceptable. Together with him we all plea of Your Honorable Judge to give him a new chance to totally be his best and do his best, so we can all benefit of his incredible capabilities towards his family, children and students of all ages .

Last but foremost please take into consideration that Aron's case went worldwide! THE BRIDE'S FATHER ARRESTED THE MORNING OF THE WEDDING DAY. Yes, this was true and took place at the Melbers. The cries of the youngsters, the bitter tears of the bride's mother and the bride herself! The long awaited day that was going to be so joyful became marred and fogged with the arrest of her dear father. In this case the outrageous amount of shame and embarrassment was by all means the biggest form of punishment one can imagine!

Hopefully Your Honorable Judge will graciously consider all this, and grant Aron his future. He will be able to correct his wrongdoings and teach his children and students honesty and righteousness.

Yours truly,  
Shmuel and Malky Green

August 10, 2020

Dear Honored Judge,

It is with appreciation that I'm writing to you, as I know you will treat my father justly.

I'm writing here about my father, so Your Honor can see who he really is; the person so many look up to and learn from - the person who has loved and protected me since the moment I was born.

In the last 22 years, beginning when I was a small child, my Totty devoted many hours caring for me, even giving up much of the precious few hours he had to sleep. As we got older, Totty was always there for us and giving us a good time. I enjoy thinking about the many summer outings which we did as a family. The fun began as we got into the car and went uphill from there. We spent real quality family time as we picked fruits and vegetables in a farm or while watching the animals in the zoo. My favorite were the parks where my father would race us and played tag with us. We squealed in delight as we ran; playing with Totty was fun. With Totty, even something as mundane as getting ready for bed was fun. Totty tickled us as he helped us unbutton our shirts. Anything we did with Totty was fun.

Sabbath and holidays mean a lot of family time together. Before I learnt to appreciate the day for what it is, I knew it was good and fun. Sabbath is the day of the week when we were all

home enjoying each other's company. Besides for the meals which we all ate together while sharing thoughts and experiences as a family, we always had spirited singing between the courses, and the whole day was filled with so much more family time. Totty would sing with us teaching us new songs as he bounced us on his lap. Totty used to take us on walks around the neighborhood, giving us his full attention. It was also the time that we would play games. Totty taught us all chess which we all knew and enjoyed from a young age. Totty made Sabbath a great start for the new week.

Life has its hurdles; when they came I knew Totty would be there to help me. Totty took me to many doctor appointments. Regular checkups and seasonal sicknesses, dentists and eye doctors and heart specialists, each visit was given his full attention. Totty was very on top of us taking our medicine anytime we were sick; he wanted us healthy as soon as possible. I remember Totty taking me to many different doctors because I had constant headaches. Not only did Totty carve out time in his busy day to take me, Totty did it with heart even buying treats and prizes on the way.

Totty chose the school he felt would be best for his girls, yet for some reason I struggled. Totty sat with me and practiced reading which eventually paid off. Whenever the school didn't have transportation Totty drove us and our friends; we eventually nicknamed his van the silver bus. Totty was always interested in what we were learning and wanted us to do well.

As an eighth grader I got into a fight with one of my classmates; my father helped me get the right perspective and showed me how to move on in life. Totty taught me to forgive and forget, to care and so much patience.

There were times that I knew my family was struggling financially. We couldn't buy everything and moved to a house with cheaper rent. My parents let us know that we could pray to have enough money, but Totty made sure not to burden us.

As I was growing up, I felt lucky to be part of this family where the head of the house, Totty, is so perfect.

May 27, 2020 Totty called me out for a drive, and gave me money to buy myself a piece of jewelry for my birthday. Now, on my twenty second birthday, I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed with gratitude for the life my parents granted me. This year life had taken a weird twist, and the unimaginable became reality. We were quarantined for months, stuck at home with no visitors. I couldn't imagine sticking it out, but I quickly saw how lucky I am. I was locked in with the best people, my loving family. Even with the painful stress of so many loved ones being sick, and being sick himself, my father was always his loving and giving self. In this time of being together for so long, I got to witness and experience more of who my father really is.

As I mature, I learn to love and appreciate Sabbath and Holidays more. Our family is big, we are nine siblings, ages 2 - 24, so we don't all get to spend time together each day. Sabbath and Holidays are when we sit together for meals and enjoy each

other's company. Totty, from the head of the table, leads the singing and I love singing along. After the meal Totty and my little brothers hold hands and dance in a circle while singing.

Totty is very busy with his school, devoting so much of himself to his students. There are days when my father almost doesn't get to his bed before he has to wake up. It is all worth it for him because he loves helping others. Sometimes people don't appreciate my father's hard work and complain and blame my father for mishaps. Watching how my father doesn't lose his cool and still continue giving to those people is really inspiring to me.

Even though Totty is so busy, when I need advice or help or even just a listening ear, it's as if nothing else exists for him. A year ago I went through a medical procedure. Totty took me to the pre-op appointments including some last minute ones as complications arose. When they wheeled me in, I felt calm knowing I'm not alone. Totty really understands me and always has the right words to encourage and calm me. Totty constantly encourages and helps me in my battle to lose weight. Totty is always available for us, his children, and I know that my enjoyment and success gives Totty pleasure. Although my father never attempted to learn any musical instrument, Totty shows full interest in my learning to play the piano.

As our family grew, so did my fathers heart. It grew to love every one of my sisters and brothers, including my brother-in-law. I look forward to his heart expanding even further when I

get married. I want my future children to experience such love. Love that a thousand words can't express.

When I look at the life my father is leading, it seems perfect. As perfect as a humanly possible. Of course I know that my Totty made a real mistake, but it doesn't outweigh the tremendous good that he brings to the world.

Honorable Judge, please understand and accept the depth of the plea of a daughter, who wants her father home.

Thank you Judge for your time and for working to bring justice to America.

*Basya Melber*  
Basya Melber

Chaya Melber  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

August 13, 2020

Dear Honorable Judge Kenneth M. Karas,

With your permission I would like to introduce to you my Brother in law Aron Melber.

I was first introduced to Aron when I married into the Melber family in 1999. I was young and did not know what a marital relationship is about. At the time, nearly 20 years ago, Aron arranged a learning session in his own house for all of his siblings with their spouses, a total of seven couples. Aron arranged a facilitator to teach and practice good relationships skills so we could all learn to communicate, to respect, and to love each other.

I didn't know at the time, but this session encapsulated Aron perfectly. Aron has a naturally calming and respectful demeanor, he first thinks and only then responds. Aron is a true example of a loyal father, family man and community member. Many in the community respect him greatly, and couples consult him daily on parenting issues. Everyone in the community knows that Aron will always listen carefully, and provide assistance in just about any way he can. He himself has raised a large family with love and discipline and people seek out his guidance on how best to parent their own children.

Some time ago I consulted with him too, about a family issue because I knew he would try to help to the best of his ability,

without being judgmental. I and my family have firsthand experience of a dedicated man Aron and how he is willing to assist whenever there is an opportunity.

Aron is a very intelligent man. He is open-minded and worldly. He knows a lot and is an educated and knowledgeable person. His school is one in its kind, Imrei Shufer is the only Chasidic school with a great education program, it is geared that the students should be ready to acquire higher education and should be ready to be contributing citizens to the world community. Whenever my family comes to the US for a few weeks, we make sure to be enrolled at Imrei Shufer, it gives my young children such a boost of energy and purpose.

Indeed, Aron will offer a helping hand when possible. Aron respects mankind, for whatever and whoever they are. He is just the perfect community leader, husband, father and person.

In year 2011 my husband Yitzchok Melber founded a women's health organization. Yitzchok is a member in the Women's Health committee in the Government of Israel. He works with people of all backgrounds to advance and promote Women's health. Aron shares these values and has spent countless hours helping the organization with consultation.

Hereby, we come to plea, do not let us down we need Aron to help the family and the community. His leadership is crucial to our community flourishing since unfortunately our community has a lack of open minded leaders.

With Much Respect and Appreciation  
Chaya and Yitzchok Melber

*Ch. Melber* *Y. Melber*

August 16, 2020

Honorable Judge,

Thank you, sincerely, for your work in preserving peace and justice in our country. Thank you, as well, for taking the time to read my letter.

I would like to share a little about my father and how he impacted me.

Some of my happiest childhood memories involve a sunny afternoon spent with family in the park, laughing hysterically as we ran from my father in a game of tag. My father would often take us on fun outings, whether to the playground, zoo, a local park or farm. It was not the particular destination -- but going there with Totty -- that made these trips memorable.

Upon recognizing my artistic talent as a young child, my parents gifted me with art lessons. My father used to drive me there and back, sometimes stopping at the grocery on the way to buy me an ice pop.

I grew up feeling so lucky to have the best father ever and proud to be his daughter. I felt safe and protected in his presence; confident in his love. Now, years later, my feelings haven't changed.

My father taught me a lot. He is a man of principle, of integrity, of truth and sincerity, as well as one of the kindest people I know. My father cares deeply about others; it hurts him to see another person in pain. He taught me to care, to give and forgive and to see the greatness in another human being. The person I am today is due in large part to my father and everything I learned by observing

him. He doesn't preach, only teaches by example. My father is my role model and I strive to emulate him.

My father taught me that every human being is deserving of respect and kindness, even those that the rest of society forgot about or pretends not to notice. Occasionally, someone comes knocking at the door, collecting charity. My father accords these people proper respect, greeting them warmly and sometimes offering a drink or something to eat. My father talks to them pleasantly, restoring some of the poor man's lost dignity. Even at times when very strapped financially, my father will never send a collector away empty-handed. My father is always looking out for those less fortunate and is sensitive to their needs. While some people would give out of a sense of pity, my father gives with respect, valuing them as fellow human beings.

But his kindness doesn't end there. My father is unbelievably forgiving and extends kindness even to people who wronged him. A while ago, an acquaintance of my father made a mistake that caused my father much aggravation. It cost my father a lot of money and damaged his reputation as well. My father's response stunned me. He appeared not to be upset at this person at all. He took care of the practical damage, but not once did I hear him badmouth this acquaintance. Not wanting to make the fellow look bad, my father did not publicize the real story to the many who believed that he was to blame for what occurred. After this happened, my father continued helping this man, like he had before! That's who my father is: a man who spreads light wherever he goes; always doing his part to make the world a brighter, kinder, more peaceful and accepting place. My father would not be

pleased to be reminded of this story as he likes to focus on people's attributes and the good they do, not their faults.

My father runs a school. He made a policy to keep the classes small, accepting a maximum of eighteen students per class. This is to ensure that every child can have his needs met and receive the right support academically, emotionally and socially. It has not been easy as, among other challenges, the school has always been struggling financially. The income from tuition does not come close to covering the budget. There were times when the financial situation was so bleak that people despaired of the school's survival. But my father is not one to be discouraged. He would not allow hardship to get in the way of doing what's right. He feels a tremendous responsibility to the students and to the community which desperately needs this school. With almost no support, as others had given up on the school's survival and thought his efforts were futile, my father worked tirelessly day and night. He set up appointments with people of means, explaining his vision for the school and the dire situation. He requested donations and procured loans. He was rebuffed many times, but kept going, never giving up. Time and again, with tremendous efforts and many sleepless nights, the school pulled through. It is due to my father's sweat and toil that the approximately one hundred fifty students have a warm, home-like school where they are accepted as they are, encouraged and given the tools to reach their potential.

My father is very involved in community activism. He is always helping people, giving hours of his time freely. Even so, he is never too busy for family. We are his top priority. When the front door opens in the afternoon and we hear Totty's cheerful "He-llo!" the

baby comes running for a hug and everyone is excited. Even if it's after a long, hard day for my father, you can't tell. He plays with the baby and listens with patience as my siblings and I tell him about our day. My little brother is a very picky eater. Some days he won't eat dinner unless my father spoon-feeds him. My father does it gladly, making supper a fun experience for him. He plays games with the kids and tells us interesting stories.

In our house, Sabbath is the highlight of the week. We get to spend a lot of uninterrupted family time. My father makes the meals so enjoyable with interesting topics for discussion and lots of heartfelt singing in between courses. After dinner Friday night my father holds the hands of the younger children and they sing together, sometimes marching around the room, giggling as they sing. My father makes home a joyous place. I also remember how, as a little child, we would sometimes run in circles with Totty, to the backdrop of lively music, faster and faster, until we dropped to the floor in heaps of laughter.

My father is very considerate. If he sees that there is not much left of a dish being served, he says that he's not hungry, forgoing his own portion so that someone else can enjoy it. He cares deeply about us, taking even our minor concerns seriously. A few weeks ago, I was trying to print something for my students in colored ink but there was a problem with the machine. My father tried to help, but we soon realized that correcting the issue would not be so simple. I told my father that it was okay, the printout didn't have to be colored; I could easily print it from the other machine, in black ink. But my father wouldn't give up. Though it was well past midnight, he kept at it until he figured out a solution and printed

the papers for me. He cares so much about us that even the trivial things we care about are important to him.

My dear grandmother, mother of my father, is still in the hospital, hooked onto a respirator, having been infected with COVID19 over four months ago. At the beginning of her illness, when she was in grave danger, my father put all other concerns on hold as he fought heroically for her life. When she was rushed to the hospital, he didn't leave until he saw she was being tended to. Day after day, from early morning until late in the night, my father was on the phone with doctors and nurses, agencies and hospital liaisons. My grandmother was very sick and the doctors didn't give her much hope. My father did everything in his power to save her, leaving no stone unturned. He got in touch with top specialists around the world and anyone who could possibly be of help. He traveled to the hospital even though he couldn't go in to see her so that he could speak to the doctors in person and make sure she was getting the best care possible. He made sure to stay on top of the situation and spoke to hospital personnel a few times a day. Even during this terribly difficult time, my father thought of the overworked healthcare staff and brought them platters of delicious food to reenergize. By the grace of G-d my grandmother survived and it seems the worst has passed. My father very likely saved her life. Though still sick and frail, she is awake, aware and very grateful, while slowly recovering.

When it was impossible for visitors to enter the hospital due to strict regulations, my father would visit virtually, via Zoom, singing to my grandmother and updating her on recent happenings. Now that it is possible to visit, my father makes sure to go every week;

traveling all the way to Lakewood, where she is currently hospitalized. Recently, I went to be with her, taking a shift immediately after my father. When I entered the room, my father was still there and I saw a discernable difference in my grandmother's demeanor. The doctors keep telling her to relax because that's the only way they can be successful in the process of weaning her from the respirator. They keep saying that anxiety is hindering her progress. But with my father at her side, she looked calm, so much calmer than the previous time I had seen her, feeling safe and comforted in my father's presence. She looked happier and so much more peaceful. Before he left, my father warmly held her hand, sharing words of encouragement and love. She relaxed and smiled in appreciation.

In between visits, my father keeps checking in on her and spending time with her remotely, via Zoom, to alleviate her loneliness and fear. He keeps advocating for her and doing what he can to make things better for her.

My parents raised us well, providing us with a solid education and everything we needed to develop into independent, contributing adults. Even so, inside, I'm still a little girl who needs her father's reassurance. I need him to hold my hand and lead the way. I count on his guidance and trust his advice, knowing that he loves me and has my best interests in mind. Like the rest of the world, my family experienced a major shake-up in the recent months. Throughout the long weeks of quarantine, the fear and uncertainty and the terrible pain of losing loved ones, my father remained a pillar of stability for our family, keeping us together with hope and faith and even positivity. It is not over yet and sometimes my little siblings

wake up at night with nightmares, needing to be calmed. Especially in these turbulent times, they badly need their father close so they can feel secure.

My father is such a good person, he has much to contribute to the world. With kindness and wisdom, he educates and guides. One child at a time, at home and at his school, he is building a better future. My father taught me to accept others and forgive and to give people another chance. Please, Honorable Judge, I beg of you to do the same for my father. I implore you to look at the broader picture and find enough merit to outweigh the mistake my father made. He is sincerely remorseful and teaches his children and students to be honest. Please consider his tremendous contribution for the betterment of society and grant him the ability to continue spreading goodness.

May justice prevail and the righteous triumph. May His Honor be granted the ability to continue bringing justice to Americans for many years to come in the best of health, peace and prosperity.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Goldy Melber".

Goldy Melber

Malky Melber  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

The Honorable Kenneth M. Karas  
United States District Judge  
Southern District of New York  
300 Quarropas Street  
White Plains, New York 10601

August 13, 2020

Dear Judge Karas:

In Monsey, at the corner of Roman Boulevard and Edwin Lane stands a condo. On its left side, there is a staircase leading up to the door I'd like to welcome you into. Its nameplate reads 'Melber Family,' but just looking at the apartment, you will miss seeing what makes this a home—it is a feeling transmitted into a place by the people who live there, especially by my parents, my Mommy and Totty. They make my home and life the rosy place it is.

We are nine siblings, the youngest is two and the oldest is twenty-four. We all need different types of support from our family, starting from youngest up:

First, there is [REDACTED]. The sweetest two-year-old girl around who constantly acts in ways that lights up our home.

Then, is [REDACTED]. He is six, the youngest boy in our family, and as such takes up a very special place.

Next, is [REDACTED], who is a lively, nine-year-old bringing excitement and energy into every corner.

One before [REDACTED] is [REDACTED] who just turned fourteen. [REDACTED] is a smart and humorous boy in the process of becoming a young adult.

[REDACTED] is one before him, and at almost seventeen years, is just a few years younger than me. As the oldest boy in our family, he is almost a grown man himself as he grows taller physically, spiritually, and mentally daily.

Then, you've got the four girls: Me, Malky, I'm twenty years. Atop of me are my two sisters, Basya and Goldy who are twenty-two and twenty-three respectively. Being so close in age, they constantly keep each other busy, helping out around the house, and late night schmoozes. The fourth and oldest is my sister Slavy who at twenty-four years is already married yet pops over often, helps out, and comes up with fun and interesting activities and discussions.

Of course, the family members who keep us all together are my Totty and Mommy. Mommy runs our home as, just that, a home, with orderliness and care; structured yet relaxed; happy and stress free. And much more which cannot be put into words.

Then, atop all of the sweetness in our home, is our family's captain, my Totty. He keeps it all together. He teaches us to learn and grow, love and give, be trusting and dedicated, tranquil and loyal.

Let me give you some examples so you can understand how my Totty cares for each of us:

My Totty drives me around town to take care of many different errands, even though I know he is always busy with his work.

He helps me get a hard copy of my handouts to school when the school's email is down and time is tight before I need to enter class.

**And his ever-present caring help saves the day once again!**

He bends over to coax my little brother, who as all little kids doesn't like healthy food, to put some nutrition into his mouth.

He gladly circles the block with my two-year-old sister since she wanted a ride in the car.

**And his patience and affection for all ages seeps through!**

He tells me to use the change to treat myself after I complete the grocery order.

He buys the exact book I wanted to learn 'just because.'

**And I feel his love holding my heart in a hug!**

He listens as we describe every detail of what happened to us that day, although in truth it is not a topic that generally interests adults.

He listens as I explain how I see a concept and teaches me how to view life properly.

**And his constant listening ear communicates to me how to listen and behave as a grownup!**

He imparts to us the importance of a clean and tidy house by being an example even though he is truly busy.

He teaches me to keep my voice calm, although I don't feel it, while talking to others. He is a model of how to interact with others, even in frustrating situations.

**And the respect he has for all that surrounds him is evident!**

He supports new and unsteady businesses enabling them to get off the ground.

He speaks to his siblings and acquaintances for long hours advising and helping them establish their businesses properly.

**And I know through learning from my father that life is not just about money; it's about helping a fellow human being in his time of need!**

He leads our family in a content Friday night and Sabbath day meal with elegance and joy.

He celebrates every Holiday in elevation and joy.

**And the feelings of real life are transmitted to all lucky enough to be near him!**

He happily moved away from the neighborhood which was closest to his synagogue, although it inconveniences him, in order to help our aging grandparents.

He goes to great lengths physically and monetarily to provide a house fit for our growing family's needs.

**And I know that 'family comes first' is his way of life!**

He allows me to make important decisions which may have strong effects on my life and that of those around me.

He challenges me to meet my fears and go out of my comfort zone to do what is right.

**And I feel empowered by the knowledge that my father trusts me!**

He teaches us from a young age complicated yet fun games which makes us feel big and sharpens our brains.

He takes time out of his busy day and even stays up late, although he had a hectic day and another full day ahead, to help me understand an assignment.

**And the knowledge learned surpasses my mind and reaches deep into my heart!**

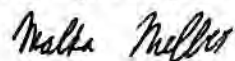
'He' is my Totty!

'He' is the man standing before you!

We are all looking forward to spending many more hours in the soothing presence and loving embrace of the leader of our family's ship.

As I get ready to sign off (not due to lack of more to say, but because I need to do so at some point), I wonder if words can ever portray even one raindrop of the ocean of what my beloved father is to me, for words can never describe feelings and emotions that flow in my heart with gratitude to my father.

Thank you for your time,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Malky Melber'.

Malky Melber

August 3, 2020

Dear Honorable Judge Kenneth M. Karas.

I am Rivka Melber blessed to be the wife of Aron, the most devoted and caring husband. We are fortunate to be the parents of 9 precious children. Each of our 9 children is a uniquely special, kind and caring individual who brings sunshine to this world. Whenever I hear their praise, may it be from complimenting teachers, relatives or often times passing strangers, I know that full credit is due to their father, my dear partner in parenting.

Aron is the most tuned in father a child could wish for. Although he is so busy helping others, he is totally involved in each child's life. From being the first to notice our toddler's fever to helping our graduate sort out the pros and cons of options for higher learning classes and everything in between, Aron is here! Aron is here and is all ears, he is always so patient. I don't know anyone else who so graciously treat each family member with such patience and undivided attention. He has a special knack to listen and listen all the way, with all his heart, and what a big heart he has. A heart so soft and so kind, so generous, so loving. A heart that will never ever hurt or slight another being. For this I give Aron credit, for being who he is, even though he himself had a very hard childhood, and for being a role model to our children.

He raised our children to become upstanding kindhearted and very loving people. He gently dresses our preschooler each morning and hums a song while he feeds breakfast to our picky morning eaters. He believes kids need proper nutrition to focus and do well, and he gives his precious morning time to make sure breakfast gets eaten in a beautiful happy environment. He wishes them well as they skip out to the bus. I don't perform so well when my eyes are begging for just a little more rest, as a mother of a lively brood. Aron has no problem, he is here for the precious bunch who are ready to start the new day, and the morning routine is as smooth as can be.

If he's running an errand, for instance buying some groceries for the house, he will offer to take the baby along to give me the space and time to relax to rejuvenate to reenergize. For Aron everything is simple, nothing is too hard. He fits in so much for our family in a regular working day. Aron is on top of the children's school work and finds appropriate tutors when needed. He did lots of research and set up one of our boys with an excellent therapist to help him with anxiety issues. Aron drives him to his appointment every week and lovingly waits to bring him home. He helps out with suppertime and bedtime, managing to turn both into a fun experience. When Aron is home there are smiles and laughter and such pleasant times. Like their father, our children love to share their gifts with the world, by being the best teachers and of course assisting their sick and elderly grandmothers.

The tragic sudden death of my beloved father is still fresh. He was so unexpectedly taken from us during the beginning of the covid 19 pandemic, leaving us with haunting nightmares of his final days alone in Mt. Sinai hospital. As a stroke patient, we have been at his side the past 20 years, yet unfortunately he was left to die alone. The pain is indescribable.

Sadly we also lost a very close and dear person. Our Rabbi. Rabbi Kohn was involved in our family life on such a personal level. We relied on him for advice and opinions on many matters. Oh how he adored our children and added such special flavor to our lives.

May these few lines which I wrote about my father and our Rabbi serve as testimonial in place of the words they would have written. Although it would be physically almost impossible for my Dad to write, I know he would've made it happen. I know that my father and also our Rabbi held my husband in high esteem. There would definitely be these two noble witnesses testifying to Aron's purity. Therefore Honorable Judge Karas, please read the unwritten words and have mercy on my husband and my family.

During these past months, throughout my father's final days and our Rabbi's final days, my father in law, Aron's father, also fought for his life. He was sick with Covid 19, fighting for every breath. Knowing how poor the hospital care was in those chaotic weeks, my husband, who was himself sick with the

virus, was on call 24/7 to do everything possible so that his father could avoid going to the hospital. Those weeks were extremely stressful. We had no rest. At some point my husband heard about a special tea, cooked with various natural ingredients, which would minimize Covid symptoms. He would cook it fresh daily and deliver to his father. At long last the severe panic passed and my father in law was out of the woods. He was getting better.

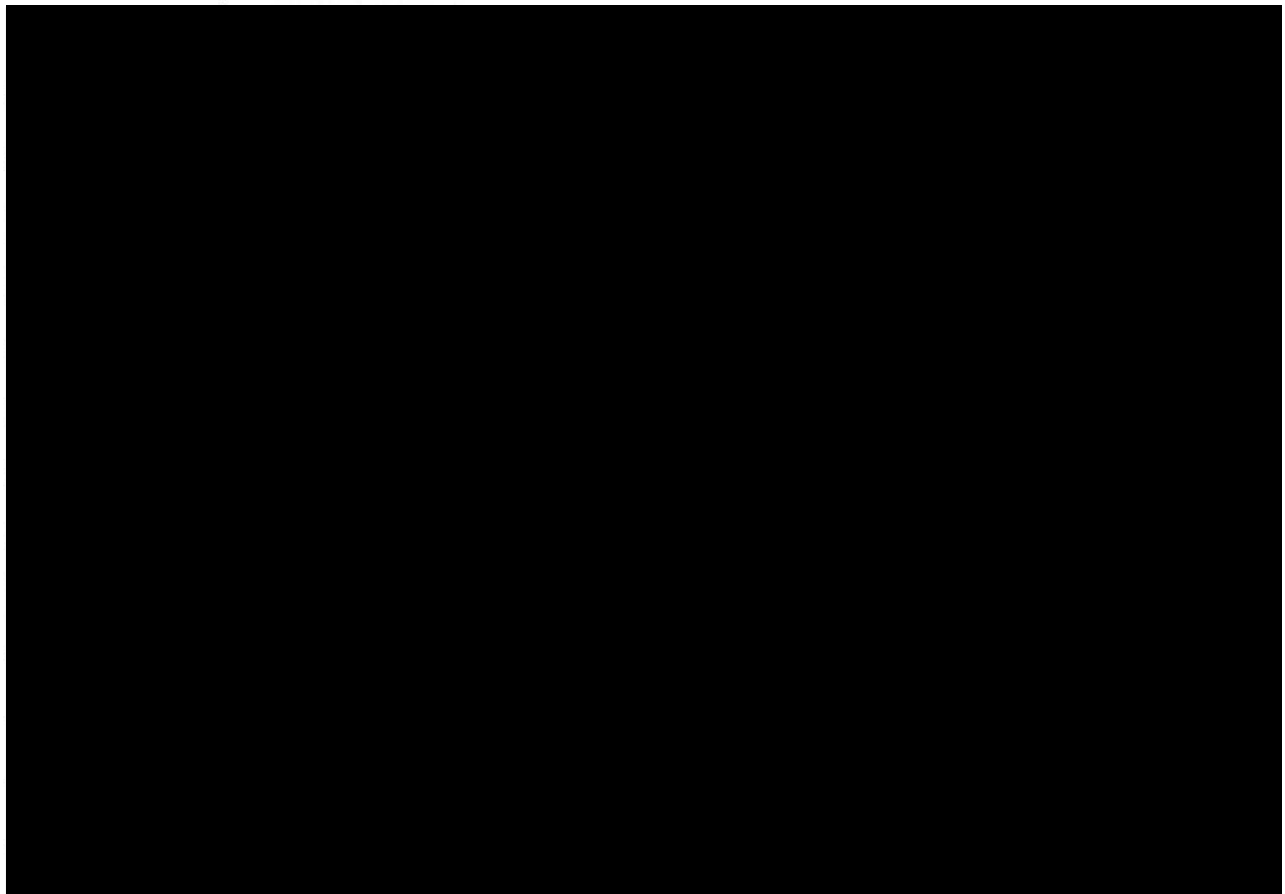
His wife, Aron's mother, wasn't as fortunate. She fell sick and was left to fight her own Covid battle. My husband was awake nights trying everything for his mother, fearing for her health. Being that she is a kidney patient the fright was intensified. After a few weeks, one morning at 5:00am there was no choice but to rush her to the hospital. Her devoted son Aron, did not hesitate. He was at her side in the ambulance and remained there to see her being cared for by the hospital nurses. It's already been 4 months and she's still on a ventilator. Luckily the doctors noted that this frail patient needs someone in her room 24 hours, thus enabling her children to tend to her during this very trying time. Until permission was granted, my husband would be constantly on the phone, involved in finding better care, newer options etc.

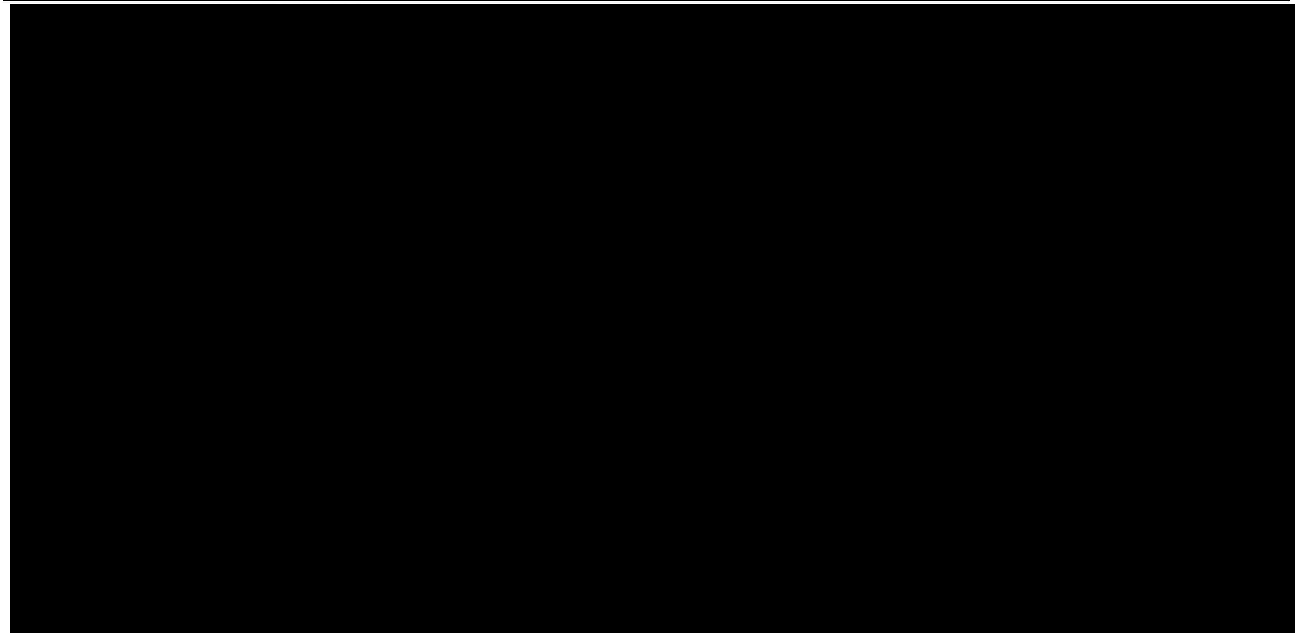
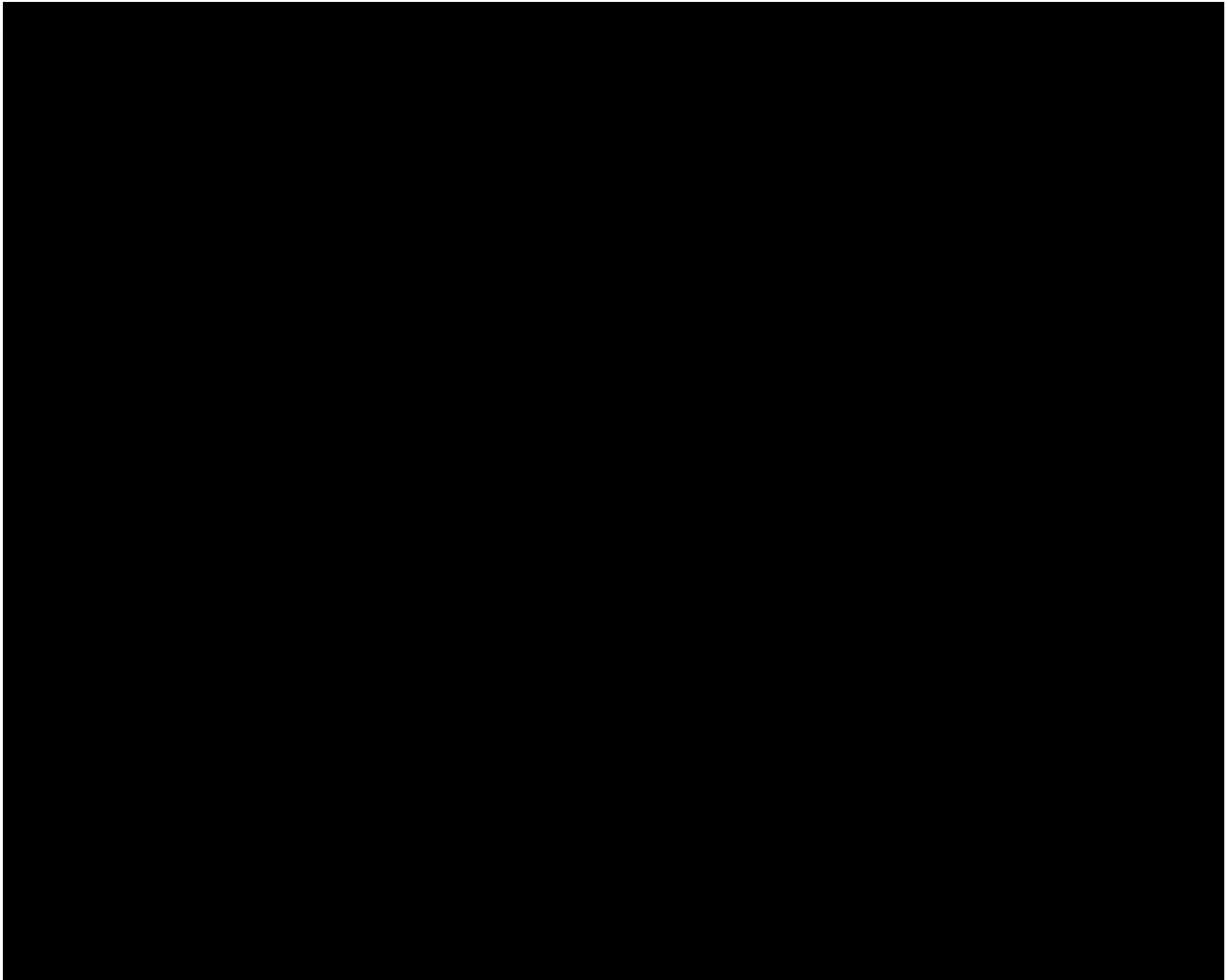
The stress this brought for myself and the kids is impossible to describe on paper. Our innocent children seeing their father so concerned and so worried for his mother was excruciating to watch. The air in the home was very strained. The younger

ones had questions, some spoken, some suppressed. Everyone was genuinely scared and nervous, being so close to losing another loved one. Hopefully Aron's mother will recuperate and continue doling out her love on all of us, until then we are there to raise her spirits and watch over her. When my husband enters her hospital room, the room literally brightens from his mother's glowing joy to see her favorite Aron. She really needs him and has forever been praying for his well-being and success. Throughout the years she always enjoyed his phone calls and his weekly visits. Lying in her hospital bed on the ventilator, she will not be writing a letter. I beg Honorable Judge, please listen to the silent pleas of Aron's mother's heart. Grant her son freedom so he shall continue being there for his parents.

My mother, who was so suddenly widowed, lives across the street from us and has her own journey. She's fighting pancreatic cancer like a hero for the past two and a half years. She is very dependent on our assistance. We make sure to be with her twenty-four hours a day, cooking and cleaning; never, ever leaving her alone. We moved to the neighborhood this past winter to be here for both my parents. Unfortunately my father who was so excited about our move, is no longer here. My mother keeps on expressing her gratitude for having my family so near during this turbulent and lonely time of her life. We are her moral support. She loves to see our kids who are there daily. She especially cherishes my husband's visits.

At this very vulnerable time, when our children have lost so many special loved ones, when our children are helping out and watching both grandmothers struggling for their lives, each one fighting her own illness, I hope and beg not to shake up their world even more. We need stability, we need security. We need a father at home. We need Aron home. I plead to you, Dear Judge, please be compassionate, and please see Aron for who he really is. We have all watched up close how Aron dealt with people with such compassion. No matter who. Every human deserves compassion. Even when it would turn others against him, he would do what's right and respect and accept others who have been shamed and rejected. Many times paying a price.





[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We enrolled him in a small school where my husband volunteered, thereby keeping tabs on our little diamond. Eventually the owner of the school, for family reasons, moved overseas leaving the school to collapse. It didn't collapse. Because this school was a life saver for our son and a necessity for the community, Aron dove in head first to rescue the sinking ship. I can write books of the extremely excruciating overwhelming years of hard work that Aron put in. My husband never forgot his vision and never gave up in his mission to save young lives in the community. His school is different than the others in many ways. Aron's school is devoted to caring and ensuring that children receive a proper education in a loving accepting environment. The school's goal is to raise our future generation to be contributing citizens to society.

Honorable Judge, please accept my husband's deep regret for his misdeeds. We all have learned so much from his serious mistakes. Let his community service, to save many young fragile boys from losing their chance, and for giving the dignity back to so many others, attest to the true virtue of my beloved Aron. Please don't fail to notice who he really is. Aron is needed home! For me, my loyal best friend and backbone. For our kids. For our parents. For the 150 students and their families. For our community at large.

Aron suffered from Covid-19 for 6 frightening weeks, and still has difficulty with his breathing as do many other Covid patients. Please take this into consideration.

Honorable Judge, I very much appreciate your time to read my humble words.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rivka Melber". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Rivka Melber

Honorable Judge Karas,

With trembling hands and broken heart, I write these lines to Your Honor regarding my son, Aron Melber who is scheduled to appear before you shortly. It is probably understandable for any father to plead on behalf of a son who finds himself in troubling circumstances. But in the case of Aron, I want to describe to you just what sort of human being will be standing before you.

From the time he was a very young lad, he was an extraordinarily disciplined and respectful child. Both at home and in school, he was always helpful and polite, and urged his siblings to do the same. Without being asked, he offered to help with household chores or assisting younger siblings with homework.

In school, he earned top grades, and was a model student in every way. Every PTA meeting was a source of pride to us. Because his academic performance coupled with his beautiful character was exemplary, he was asked to become a student in the new branch of the school that was opening in Montreal, Canada. They wanted him as a model of an ideal student, a positive influence and asset to the new school. Indeed, he proved to be just that in every way, even smoothing out differences that arose among other high school students.

This dedication and idealism remained at his core, even as he married and established his wonderful family. He is not only a supremely responsible and dedicated father to his own children, but is also committed to the good of the community. It is this selflessness and the perceived lack he felt in the availability of schools to address the varied unique needs of each individual student, that compelled him to get involved in the school he now runs.

Though the salary was inadequate for his growing family, his passion to make a difference in the lives of his students made him forge ahead, even as he struggled financially to meet his own personal needs, to the extent that he once borrowed money from a family member to cover his rent.

As noble as his deeds, and admirable his intentions, the intense pressure it brought him were, in the end, the very cause of his regrettable actions. Though we, and countless others were incredulous when we heard of his unfortunate situation, nobody was as shocked and mortified as Aron himself. It was just so utterly out of character to place himself above the law, after a lifetime of upright model behavior. It would be perfectly understandable for him to try to hide his circumstances and the trouble it has brought him, but he has made no secret of his missteps, in order to serve as an example to others to avoid the type of regrettable behavior that can result from intense pressure to be everything to everybody. Because, he has learned the hard way, the end cannot justify the means, if those means are not according to the last letter of the law. He will carry this badge of shame and profound remorse to the grave, and it is obvious to all who know him.

Dear Judge, Aron has done so much good, so altruistically and for so many over the years, without personal enrichment or gain. He is beloved by young and old, and is needed for the greater good of so many who depend on him. Most importantly, his mother is critically ill with Covid 19, and a prison sentence for him would be a death sentence for her G-d forbid, for the heartache it would cause. His mother-in-law, who is struggling with cancer is also investing her heart and prayer on his behalf.

I implore you to consider the innumerable noble deeds he has accumulated over the course of so many years for the benefit of so many youngsters, adults, family and strangers. As for my own broken-hearted plea, please place my words and tears on the scale so that you may temper justice with mercy for a young

man who is broken with remorse and shame. Your magnanimity will allow others to continue to benefit from his kind deeds and warm heart. Aron will not disappoint the system, the family or those who are willing to extend leniency at this very critical time in his life.

I thank you for reading my words. G-d bless you.

Respectfully yours,

*Simon Melhee*  
*OCT, 15-2020*

Aug. 17, 2020

Dear honorable Judge karas,

My name is Yeedle Melber, I live in Brooklyn NY with my wife Anna and our six children. Aron Melber is my older brother, we are a family of eight siblings, Aron is the second child, and I'm the third.

I'd like to take the time to share a bit of my perspective about my dear, beloved older brother. Growing up right under Aron was both a privilege and a responsibility. He was always the bright kid, was beloved by his friends and respected by his teachers.

Since I went to the same school system he went to, I got used to the question every teacher asked me in the beginning of the new year, "Are you a brother of Aron Melber?" and when I affirmed it, they would say "Aron is really something special!" or "You have big shoes to fill!" All teachers expressed their admiration and all friends expressed their love for Aron.

So you see, I had a great introduction in life, being looked at favorably by all, for being Aron's brother, but at the same time I always felt the pressure to be like Aron, and so I had to be on top of my game. Aron was my role model, how to be a good student and a great friend.

Aron was an especially important figure in my life, he was not only my older brother, but he was my mentor as well. When our youngest brother was born, the eighth member of our family the situation became complicated. [REDACTED]

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We made a promise to make sure that our children and other families will never go through our turbulent childhood experience. We know that the damage done to the Childs psychological well-being, has a lifelong negative affect. Aron went into the field of education, I started working as a relationship and communication coach and marriage counselor. Another brother Yitzchok, devoted himself to women's health. We are all very passionate to help other families have happy and healthy parents.

After Aron got married to his wife Rivka, he continued to be an inspiration to me. He discovered his passion of helping students that needed help. His father in law, Rabbi Moshe Green runs a yeshiva for teenage boys, and Aron started to connect with these boys on a daily basis. He encouraged the boys, and supported them emotionally and academically. In general, he helped each child reach their full potential.

The boys loved him and responded well to him, so it's only natural that when Aron's friend Rabbi Friedman shared with him that he is running his own private school for boys, Imrei Shufer, and is looking for help, Aron felt obligated to come and help lead the school.

Aron found there his calling. He was completely overtaken with excitement and enthusiasm at the prospect of being able to shape the hearts and minds of these youngsters. After a while when Rabbi Friedman decided to move to Israel, the school fell on the shoulders of Aron. He didn't have the means nor the expertise to run this operation, but he couldn't see this school fail. He threw himself into it, selflessly working day and night, for years without getting paid properly. He struggled personally to pay his rent, bills for food, and all basic family needs.

Aron has a large family of 9 children. He spends his days between running the school, and providing for his family. His kids at home love him and feel very connected to him, since he always puts them as his first priority. They know that nothing in the world can make him take a break from school, only his family. Like Aron always says "Family first". He spends time talking and connecting with each child on a daily basis. He asks them for their opinion on important matters, shares his day with them, listens to their stories, and sings with them.

In school, he made it his mission to revolutionize the Hasidic education system. He is a trail blazer, always pushing the envelope and opening new doors. He is always bringing down speakers and educators to inform his teachers and staff, how to instruct and how to bring out the best in each student. He reminds his staff that we aren't just teaching them the material, we are teaching them how to problem solve, how to analyze situations correctly, critical thinking, and how to live happy lives, respectful of others. He puts a great emphasis on building the self-esteem of each individual student, running many programs to give every child a chance to shine, each with their specialty; teaching music, singing, and art.

He advanced and modernized his school on many levels. As far as I know he is the only Hasidic school with its own official YouTube channel, Facebook page (Cheder Imrei Shufer), and Instagram account (imreishufermonsey). I invite you to check it out. You are sure to be inspired, seeing the love and happiness on the sweet faces of all students. This is directly the work of Aron, it's solely his credit. But Aron is a modest guy, always in the background, not looking to take any credit. Like a real humble leader, he always gives recognition, and makes people feel it's their

accomplishment. But I can tell you the truth, it's all Aron Melber. Because the school is his life, and his life is the school.

I've heard from Aron many times how he would go to the end of the world to help each student, he wouldn't stop for anything. These students and their parents are very fortunate that Aron is leading this school, guaranteeing them the best Hasidic education possible.

Aron is best described as a person of integrity, putting others before him, focused on education, and believing in being just and always doing the right thing, lawfully and socially, even at a personal cost.

Aron has had a turbulent childhood, he suffered a lot. He regrets the mistakes he made, he has always been and will always be an important member of our family and community. He has done so much good and he learned from this latest ordeal to be a fully responsible citizen.

Respectfully,

Yeedle Melber

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Yeedle Melber', written in black ink.